That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cryes,
(Even from the tongueleſſe cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares;
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so fowle a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneſſe to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmeneſſe of our upright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and feareleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highneſſe souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glosters* death,

I slew him not; but (to mine ow
Neglected my sworne duty in th
For you my Noble Lord of Lan
The honourable father to my foe
Once I did lay an ambush for yo
A trespasse that doth vex my grie
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacram
I did confesse it, and exactly begg
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I
This is my fault: as for the rest ap
It issues from the rancour of a villa
A recreant, and most degenerate T
Which in my selfe I boldly will d
And enterchangeably hurle down
Vpon this overweening Traitors f
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentle
Even in the best blood chamber'd
In haste whereof most heartily I p
Your Highneſſe to assigne our trya

King. Wrath kindled Gentleme
Let's purge this choller without le
This we prescribe, though no Ph
Deepe malice makes too deepe inc
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be ag
Our Doctors say, this is no time t
Good Vncle, let this end where it
Wee'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal
Throw downe (my sonne) the Dul

King. And *Norfolke*, throw dow

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Ob
Obedience bids, I should not bid

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread S
My life thou shalt command, but n
The one my duty owes; but my fa
Despight of death that lives upon
To darke dishonours use, thou sh

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